

Fhorter Grubb-I wish yer would help me ma'am. Me ole pal died yesterday, an'-Mrs. Easy Fruit-What killed him? Shorter Grubb-He tried ter eat turkey widout cranberry sauce.

A paper in western Nebraska contains the outline of a story that should be slung into undying verse by a poet as good as the author of "Enoch Arden." Some years ago in the town where the paper is published there lived a man who had a wife and daughter. He seemed prosperous, and his credit was good for anything he desired.

he desired. fine starlight night he disappeared,

thing he desired.

One fine starlight night he disappeared, taking with him nearly everything that wasn't nailed down. He had made about every man in town a creditor, and when he went away the people betook themselves into outer darkness for a while and wailed and gnashed their teeth. The wife and daughter were treated the same as the rest. They found themselves destitute. The flend in human form who had so long officiated as husband and father had left them not a dollar. The lady and her daughter were, of course, looked coldly upon for awhile, as people believed them to be in collusion with the departed. But they were not depressed by this. They went manfully to work like hittle heroines in a play; the mother did sewing and the daughter did whatever she could get to do. They prosper, ed, as they deserved to prosper. The older heroine in time established a millinery store, which eaptured all the trade, while the younger hecame principal of the schools. They had money in the bank, and could cat lee cream whenever they wanted to.

The other day a seedy tramp called at the back door of the lady's residence and asked for a drink and something to cat.

folks dey celebrate kaze dey glad dey got rid er all der triflin' no 'count nig-gers, and dey wuz mos' ez many den as dey is now."—Atlanta Constitution.

While a woman of New Brunswick was alone in her house recently a tramp knocked insolently at the door and demanded refreshments.

"I'm looking for work," he said, "and I want something to cat at once, or there will be some trouble."

I want something to cat at once, or there will be some trouble."

"I have fed three big, strong fellows like you to-day, and I think that is sufficient," she answered.

"Well, If you don't give me something I will stay here all day," and the hobo coolly sat on the stoop.

The lady got an aharm clock and wound it up. Then she went into the front room where her voice could be heard by the tramp. Causing the alarm to ring, she shouted:

"Hello, Central! Give me police station, please."

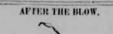
tion, please."

The tramp was all attention. Then he heard the following counterfeit conver-

an officer to my house at once. There is a tramp here who refuses to leave the yard. What? Yes, he ought to be in prison. All right."

The tramp started for the street in double-quick time.—Philadelphia Times.

Prejudiced Against the Theatre, Deacon Ironside, (at the hat store.)-





1. Rooney-Lind me the sledge, O'Harn. Th' dinnenite cartridge is too large for th' hole.



2-And this is all that was left.

The good woman looked at him intently and recognized her husband. And now the really beautiful part of this story comes in 19d the lady kill the fatted calf for the prodigal and bid nim welcome and forget the past? Not to any great extent.

This style suits me pretty well, young man. What do you call it?

Salesman—That's a Fedora.

Deacon Ironside—A Fedora? What's the meaning of that word?

Salesman—It's the name of a play, I think, that Fanny Davenport, the ac-

call for the producal and sid him welcome and forget the past? Not to any
great extent.

She called the family dog, a large creature, with a penchant for human remains, and no man ever climbed a tree
quicker than did the erring husband.—
Nebraska Journal.

The Liberty Bell.

The Liberty Beil.

While the bell was being reviewed an old negro man—a negro who must have seen not jess than thirty years of slavery—stood holding his grandsen, a youngster of ten, by the hand. H: was telling this boy a story of the bell. These who chanced to listen heard him say:

"Look at it, nigrer, kaze hit may be de las' chance dur'il ever come ter yer ter see it. Look at it so w'en yer goes back ter yer ma you kin tell what der bell look lak.

"Ef hit hadn't er been fet dat bell, does yer know whar de niggers 'uy to now? Right spang, blank inter slavery. Hit's des lak I tells yer. When Marse Linkum say ter de people dat' de nigger got to be set free he sen' out word ter his overseer for ter tu'n loose all de niggers w'at he got and ter ring de big plantation bell. Den de overseer he call up de niggers an' tells 'em what Marse Linkum done for 'em, an' say: 'Ring dat bell." An' dey was so glad twel dey bust-od 'er ringing. An' people say dey could hear it all 'round de worl'. An' de white

Deacon fronside-Gracious! Show me some other style!

His Reverence—"I can't take your ceb, Pat. I see your horse has been on his knees." Pat—"Arrah, yer riverence, be alsy about that. The last place he had was wid a praste, and faith, he had to keep up a simblance of religion."—Sydney Bulletin.

Two little girls were chatting together on their way to school. "My father is a General." said the one, boastfully. The other replied, as she munched a bit of nice cake: "Mine is a confectioner!" And the general's daughter darted a look of envy at her little companion—Der Floh.

envy at her little companion—Der Floh.

"Yes," said the young physician of aristocratic lineage, "our family has a motto, but I prefer not to use it. It is a little too suggestive in my profession," "What is it?" "Faithful unto death."—Indianapolis Journal.

"I suppose that you have forgotten that you owe me \$10?" said Phillips severely, "No, I haven't," reforted Wilbur. "I meant to have done so, Give me time, old man, and I will."—Harper's Bazar,

A Dime Opened the Way.

It is not often that doctors pay for the privilege of examining a patient, yet the ambulance surgeon at the Fitch Hospital did so Thursday. He found it his duty to examine a Polish child who had failen from a second-story window. The child was guarded by a hundred or more companions, and they absolutely refused to allow the doctor to touch the apparently injured child. Then the doctor reached into his pocket and drew out a shining dime, which he gave to the largest of the crowd. That accomplished his purpose,—Buffaio Courier. "With the his about the headstones, And yellow mrytle on every mound, But it frets me greatly when I do be thinkin'
'Tis here they'll bring me when I come to die:
Asthore, I long for my own people;
With my own people I fain would lie.

"For I'm dreamin' always of an Irish church yard.
Where hardly a biade of grass will grow.
Close by the sea, on a barren hillside;
Wild you'd call it and drear, I know,
But my old heart aches as I do be thinkin'
How far away from it I'm like to die;
For I long to rest with my own people;
With my own people I yearn to lie."

To-day I walked in that little grave-yard And watched them sodding a new-made grave: Hers who longed for the dreary hillside, Near the endless sough of the moaning

And she rests at last on the heavenly shore.

and he When he if you Sarah Frances Ashburton, in Ave Maria.

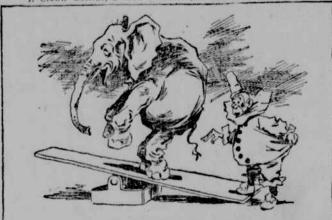
Gorses' Fighting Proclivities.

"The Sun had an interesting item on Thursday headed 'Hoofs No Match for Horns,' " said a rich ex-cowboy who is stopping at one of the Broadway hotels. "It described a fight between a horse and a cow. Now, I never saw either cows or buffalos attack a horse so as to amount to anything, but I want to rise right up and testify to the wonderful fighting powers of the horse. He is built for more ways and kinds of fighting than any other product of nature. He can bite, and he can kick out behind, and he can strike with his fore-legs. When he is in action he fights all over. If you HE SAW.

Borses' Fighting Proclivities.



1. Clown-Bolivar, I want to teach you how to seesaw.



2-Now carefully, carefully.



3. Bolivar-"I see."

pack attack a bunch of norses on the plains. The horses get together with their heads forming the hub of a wheel, and their bodies ferming the spakes. Then they fight the wolves with their hind-legs. They fill the air with wolves, and every wolf lands dead, wounded, or iii. Horses avoid a right as a rule, but will go out of their way to kill a snake. will go out of their way to kin a same They jump on the sankes, clubbing their hoofs, and using them like a mallet. The only other fights they seek are with unmounted men, whom they frequently attack, or else with one another; and in the latter case they resemble a buzz-saw in action, all parts going at once."

New Use For a Bass Drum,

Mrs. de Style-"Oh, John, please buy me that drum! I know you can get it cheap."
Mr. de Style (dumfounded) - "Gracious, what in the world do you want a bass drum for?"
Mrs. de Style-"Why, it will make such a splendid box for my theatre hat."

Advertiser.

Doctor—The bicycle gives people the best exercise in the world. Patient—But I can't afford to ride a bleycle. Doctor—Oh, you don't need to ride one; just dodge them.—New York Herald.

DENTAL ADVERTISEMENT.



1,-"All your old teeth instantly re-moved, and-





He-"Now, Miss Kitty!"
She-"Ate an egg without salt."-Comic

A Case of Necessity.

Parson, (on his way to a new "call.")—
My boys, what are you digging for?"
The Boys—A woodchuck, Mister.
Parson, (remonstatively.)—You don't ex-The Boys-Git him-g-l-t him? We gotter. Th' new minister's goin' ter take dinner with us ter-day.

Can't Hear His Breath,

The late-hour editor of the Pittsburg Press doesn't need any schooling. "It is always best to make midnight explana-tions to your wife through a telephone. She cannot hear your breath."—Bristoi Courier.

"No," said young Speoner, "I wasn't really mad when your father drove me from the house, but I will admit that I was put out."-Hoston Transcript.

"Take away woman," shouted the orator, "and what would follow?" "We would," said a man at the back of the audience promptly.-Tid-Bits.

Mab-"You signed your note, I remain your loving Jack. If I'd no money what would you remain?" Jack-"A bacheler, darling."-Hlustrated Bits,

Weary Watkins—"The doctors say we ought to eat more cereal food," Hungry Higgins—"They is too much of the serial business about our style of eatin' abready."—Indianapolis Journal. On a yacht.—Miss Ingenue—"Is there really a cable in the ocean?" Sallor—"Yes, mum." Miss Ingenue (with con-

viction, after studying the man at the wheel)—"Then that must be the grip-man."—Brooklyn Life. man."—Brooklyn Life.
"Maggie, did you hear the door-beil
ring?" "Yis, mum." "Well, why don't
you open the door, then?" "Shure, 1
don't know a soul who'd call on me at
this time of the day, mum. it must be
some one to see yersilf."—Truth.

Sister-"There, you have the candy all

Sister—"There, you have the candy all over your new suit. What will mamma say?" Tommy—"Well, mamma won't let me have any fun in these clothes till I get them spoiled."—Hartford Times.

A beggar stopped a lady on the steps of a church. "Kind lady, have you not a pair of old shees to give me?" "No, I have not; hesides, those you are now wearing seem to be brand-new." "That's just it, ma'am—they spoil my business."—La Riforma.

Mand (to Low Comedian)—"Say, Teddy,

Mand (to Low Comedian)—"Say, Teddy, what did the poet mean when he wrote: Though lost to sight, to memory dear". Low Comedian—Wat! Don't you know! The lines were addressed to a prompter."

It pleases a woman when we say Her cheek is like the red, red rose, And yet a man will turn away When told the same about his nose. -Spare Moments.

An eccentric citizen of Philadelphia was once met by a man who asked him the way to the sheriff's office. He responded: "Every time you earn five dollare spend ten dollars."—Christian Advocate "What principles are you going to advocate in the next town?" asked the campaigner's private secretary. "I dunno. You get there next there next train there and find out what their views is are."—Washington Star.

He-"Miss Kitty, I've heard it said that a kiss without a moustache is like an egg without sail. Is that so?"

She-"Really, Mr. Smoothface, I don't know. I can't tell you, for in all my life.

Fixing The Clock,

It's jest as fawther said it was they's somethin' here that's wrong;
The gran'ther clock is allin', sir—we're glad you come along.
It stood an' sulked a week or two, an' wouldn't tick or ring.
Or run its han's aroun' its face, or do

It's old enough to hev a rest, as people

say, you know;
We often think it started out a thousan'
years ago.
An' Cousin Pete, who sets and tells us
stories in the dark,
He wonders ef it give the time for Noarh

We're giad it's goin' to start ag'in, for when it ain't no good.

It makes a sort o' friendly fuss all through the neighborhood;

The folks enquire as if 'twas folks, an' stop us on the way.

An' anxiously they ask us how the ol' clock is to-day.

They's lots o' time-machines aroun' that

They's lots o' time-machines aroun that have a deal o' lack.

An' need a steady gran'ther clock to keep 'em on the track.

I've seen folks stan' out in the road, an' wait an' listen like,

To set their watch by this 'ere clock, as soon's they heard it strike.

We're glad it stopped, though, so's that you could take it all spart,
An' we could see its thinkin'-works, an' where it kept its heart;
An' why, before it's goin' to strike, four minutes an' a half,
It sort o' up an' chuckles, like as ef it meant to laugh;

how it keeps the memory good, al-though it's got so old, how it knows the moon is new, or full o' yellow gold; tells it with its picture-moons, so's we can know it nigh well as ef we went out-door an' foun' it in the sky;

An' ef it ever has the blues, alone there night an' day, An' how it come to know the facts, when

baby went away;
For half the night there through the
dark a-cryin' in our bed,
We heerd it taikin' to itself.—"She's dead
she's dead—she's dead!"

An' then I guess I went to sleep, an'

An' then I guess I went to steep, an' dreamed a little while.

An' thought I saw her in the clouds, an' knew her by her smile;

An' when the sunrise woke me up-'twas maybe 6 or 7—

It changed its mind, an' says to me, "In Heaven—in Heaven—in Heaven!"—Will Carlton, in "Everywhere."

The world is full of people who are always looking for a sledge-hammer to crack a peanut.—Richmond Disciple.

In this barbed-wire age it is queer now many people manage to keep on the fence.—Bible Reader.

"Your brother? I did not know that you had a brother." "Oh, yes; or, what is the same thing, I have two half-brothers.—Life.

The wise man is he who asks a great deal or advice and takes very little of it.—Galveston News.

Mother-Well, are you going to let Mary narry the young man she met at the

"I know he isn't," replied the father, wefully, "I was afraid she was going to be yery hard to please. Detroit Free Press.

"wouldn't worry so much about that boy of yours at cellege," said the friend of the family. "He's not a poker player." "I know he isn't," replied the father, usefully, "but from the size of his expense accounts I'm afraid he thinks he c"-Chicago Post.
Cutten-I met a man this manning scho

is."—Chicago Post.

Cutten—I met a man this morning who came from your old town in Wisconsin. Said he knew you well. Gave you an expellent roputation, too.

Dryde-Spoke well of me, did he?

Cutten—Well, no, but he said he didn't know anything mean about you.—Chicago Fribune.



1-Aw! what a duced clevah perfume bottle. I'll buy one faw Miss Mabel, by Jove.



2-I say, Gawge, wrap me up one of those bottles like a good feliah.

Magazine.

"Don't Look At Me."





A ONE-SIDED AFFAIR.



What are you goin' to give your brother Jack for a birthday present? Oh, nothing much. Jack's forgiving, not forgetting.

With many hard-headed people a sug-gestion is more effective than a hot argu-ment.

No one is educated until he learns how It sometimes takes a ton of hay

break the camel's back. Some suspictous people overlook their friends in wild efforts to find enemies. Do not farrey that you are broad-mind-ed merely because you have no mind of your own.

Paderewski has had his hair cut and some of the belles refuse outright to hear him play.

About the only title an American cares for is a deed to land.

Leave man without any burden and he will touch the ground only in high places.

Telling blows-The speeches of the Many a person has been written up in the pictures.

One man humps himself and another humps his friends. Stinginess sometimes amounts to the most reckless extravagance.

Ordinary argument is little more than quarrel. Patience is a great reserve force.

Think kindly of yourself.

There is nothing more frigid than a cold wave of the hand. The bachelor is wedded to his ideal.

Berlyation of "Electricity."

There is something strange and weird, when one comes to think of it, in the familiarity and commonness of so ancient a resin, the indurated gum of mighty forest trees that flourished and fell ages before man had set foot upon this planet. How little we think, when we put the mouthpiece of the matutinal pipe to our lips, that the amber which forms it exuded drop by drop 1,000,000 years back from the stems of great pines in a world whose very shores and seas are now forgotten! The plants which composed those vast woodlands where the Baltic now stretches have been driven southward long since by the slow com-Derivation of "Electricity."

ts on the qui vive to look at me, a thing which annoys me extremely. I therefore desire that all shall abstain from this curjosity when I go on Sunday to hear divine service. Those who desire to have a good view of me can do so every day when I take my walk in the Thiergarien or drive in my carriage."

A Level Head.

The black philosopher of Tuskegee, Principal Washington, has mide an interesting remark about the Alabama Normal Institute. "At Tuskegee," he says, "we teach our students that it is better for them to spend their time and strength in learning to be carpenters, dairymen, truck gardeners, or contractors, than to spend it in making stump speeches."

As an oratr, Principal Washington may not rank with Demosthenes of Clesro; but there is more solid sense in him than in lots of white men.—New York Sun.

Unjust Accusation "Blew dare you accuse me of being a kleptomaniae?" she said indignantly.
"Why," replied the young man, who was on his knees. "I didn't."
"Isn't a kleptomaniae a person who purloins things for which he has no possible use?"
"Yes."

"Yes."
Didn't you just say that I had stolen your heart?"-Washington Star.

Too inveterate a Gussip,
"I don't see you with Dolly Dawkins any more. Have you and she nad a quarrel?"
"Oh, no; but she gossips too much to suit me. Everything I told her she immediately repeated to Lillie Loving, so I had to give her up. I abhor gossips,"...
Harper's Bazar.

Sunday Observance,
who are bound to have morality even if
they commit a moral crime to attain it,
have for several weeks been scattering
tacks early Sunday mornings over the
new bicycle path made from Meriden to
North Haven, with the design of discouraging bicyclists from breaking the Sabbath by riding. In many cases washers



Lone Gulch Ike-Why didn't Bill carry his district at the last election? Cowboy McNabb-His gun wuz out o' order.

ing on of that secular chill in the world's dotage which we call the glacial epoch.

Of the pine which chiefly yielded amber not a single specimen now survives on our carth; and even the great Wellingtonias, which towered over the rest, have dwindled away in our own time to two solitary and dying groves in the uplands of California. The trunks themselves are gone or reduced to lignite, but the gum that flowed from them in such strange abundance is still a common object of commerce the world over, and familiar in our mouths as the pipe it holds there. Nay, more; it has supplied our language with a whole group of words—'electric," and "electricity," and

name?"
"Fish."
"Fish? That's a queer name for a dog.
What do you call him that for?"
"Cause he won't bite."
"Cause he won't bite." Then the man proceeded on his way .-The German Emperor has one very singular peculiarity. He cannot bear to have any one look at him when he is saying his prayers in church, and in order that the curiesity of his subjects shall not disturb his religious devotions he has issued the following unparalleled order:

saying his prayers in church, and in order that the curiosity of his subjects shall not disturb his religious devotions he has issued the following unparalleled order:

"As soon as I enter church, every one important the content of the content of

